

The Odd Birthday Present

by Andalite Girl

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Summary: It's someone's birthday.....

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Brat Girl awoke from a very, very interesting dream but the details were lost to her... Something about smurfs on crack...

She opened her eyes and gave a startled yelp. Her entire ceiling was covered in one huge, brightly colored flag!

"What the-" She wondered, looking up at the thing. It had boldly printed letters on it that read:

**

HOLA BRAT GIRL.

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS TO RECEIVE A PRIZE.

**

Directions? Prize? Was this that Ed McMann thing where that old guy shows up at someone's door and gives them a giant check for eleven million? Was that creepy old guy already in her house now?

Brat Girl shuttered and got out of her bed, accidentally stepping on something in the process.

"Ow!" She complained, glaring at the annoying object. It was a tape recorder... But how did it get here?

She flashed back on a old movie she saw once: A guys started following weird clues around his city. She forgot what happened to the man, he was murdered or something.

"Better not happen to me." She muttered as she picked up the tape recorder and with only a little hesitation, pressed play.

"Hello, Brat Girl." Said a voice that sounded like the scary guy on Scream. "We have been watching you for a very long time now and we think you are the person for the job. Your mission, if you chose to except it, is to follow the numerous and annoying clues left around. And don't think about calling anyone you know and telling them about it. They're all in on it too. First direction: Go to your computer. This tape will distroy its self in 10 seconds."

Brat girl quickly dropped the tape player and it melted into a pile of goo within seconds. She walked over to her computer. It was already on.

"This is strange," She said as she went though the files, looking for clues. She didn't find any so she logged onto her computer and checked her mail... Nothing was there either except for another annoying story that Andalite Girl sent to her.

Finally, frustrated she sat back and glared at the screen, trying to convince it to give up any clues that it held.... Then suddenly it did. In the form of a screen saver.

IN FINDING THIS CLUE IT SHOWS THAT YOU HAVE PATIENCE AS WELL AS A DESIRE FOR THE PRIZE.

"Yeah, yeah.." Brat Girl muttered, "Get on with it."

I WILL TAKE MY OWN DAMN TIME, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

"Oh... sorry." Brat Girl said, startled that the computer could hear her.

I PUT IN ALL THIS TIME SCROLLING ACROSS YOUR SCREEN AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS "GET ON WITH IT?" THAT HURTS... IT REALLY DOES *SOB*

Wait a second, that *sob* sounded really familiar... "Veggie Freak!? Is that you?"

There was no response from the computer for a long time then the screen saver said,

KNOCK, KNOCK.

** **

Suddenly someone at the front door started to knock. Brat Girl got up and rushed to the door, thinking it was Veggie Freak. She threw it open and gasped..

It was Daley... And he was wearing nothing but boxers, a red bow-tie and a top hat.

"Daley?!" Brat Girl shrieked.

Daley pushed his way into her house and said, "Took you long enough! I was freezing out there"

"Oh, um-"

"Here." Daley pulled a note out of his boxers and gave it to her. "I'm supposed to give this to you."

"Thanks?"

"No problem. Do you like my bow-tie? Never mind I gotta run." He opened the door and ran out in a flash.

Brat girl gingerly opened the letter and read it out loud. "I hope you studied your Spanish recently." That didn't make any sense... She didn't have Spanish class, she took French. Then she heard a commotion in her room. She ran in to meet a very strange sight indeed.

An ugly guy with glasses and a poor accent was going through her desk muttering, "Que dinero en su cuarto? Donde esta el dinero?" Then he stopped and pulled out a twenty dollar bill from the desk. "Dinero!"

"Hey!" Brat Girl yelled, "That's my money!"

The ugly guy just looked up at her and said, "Me llamo Paco. Y tu?" Then he stuck the twenty into his pocket with a smug expression on his face.

Brat Girl's grasp of Spanish was very poor but she did understand that sentence, "Your name is Poco?"

"Si."

"Great, do you have something to give me?" Brat Girl asked eagerly.

Poco just looked at her with a blank expression on his face then started to take things from her desk, "Necesito lapies. Y ya tengo una calculadora. Un boligrafols-" He stopped again and pulled out a shoe. "Zapatillas de tenis?"

"Yes, that's my shoe now give it back!"

Poco shrugged, said something about Gringos, tossed the shoe to Brat and then disappeared in a flash of light.

Brat girl caught the shoe and looked at it but it was no longer a shoe... It was a message. She opened it up and it read.

**

YOU HAVE CROSSED THE LANGUAGE BARRIER NOW ONLY

ONE MORE CLUE IS LEFT. FIND IT AND THE PRIZE IS

YOURS!

**

Only one more clue? She didn't know if that was a bad thing or a good thing. But she had come this far and she might as well find out what it is.

Brat Girl started to search her room for anything mysterious or particularly cluey. But after looking over everything in her room for several hours she felt ready to give up.

"I give up!" She yelled in frustration and kicked her blanket that was lying on the floor. The blanket under her feet yelped and her dog Max crawled out.

"Oh Max! What were you doing under their boy?" Brat girl asked as she bent down to comfort the stricken dog.

I was hiding from you. Could you scratch a little harder behind the ears please?

Brat Girl jumped back as she heard the sound in her voice. "You're not Max, are you?"

No, it is I. The lovely and cute Marco.

"What are you doing here?"

Hey, this is in the Animorph section so there has to be at least one Animorph in it. Marco reasoned. Plus Andalite Girl threatened me into doing it. He started walking out of the room. Follow me... If you want to get your prize.

Brat Girl shrugged and followed Marco down stairs and into the basement. It was cold and dark so she had to flick on a light to see.

"SURPRISE!" About fifty voices yelled.

Brat girl jumped about two feet in the air. All of her friends were in the basement which had been decorated to suit a huge birthday party.

Before she could even let out a squeak, she was given a birthday kiss from Jonathan. "I've broken up with the cow." He said. "Happy birthday."

Andalite Girl laughed at Brat's expression and shrugged. "Well, you said you wanted a surprise birthday party."

HAPPY 15TH BRAT GIRL!!!!!! WHOOOHOOOOOOOOO!

~ From Guadalupe

End
file.